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ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

XLIII.

Black eyes become the maiden fair,
And courage is the young man's share,
Strength is the glory of the steed,
The greyhound's pride is in his speed.

XLIV.

Gold and silver pass away,
Richest garments perish fast,
Silks and satins, —— all decay;
Yet is longing found to last.

XLV.

Fair is yon harp and sweet the song,
That strays its tuneful strings along;
And would not such a minstrel too
This heart to sweetest music woo?

XLVI.

The miser loves his hoarded treasure,
And who loves not himself, decide.
For me, I love, beyond all measure,
One fair, and scorn the world beside.

* * *

TRANSLATION OF THE STANZA IN P. 272.

My day of life, so Heaven decreed,
Is winding up with ceaseless speed,
The night approaches when my head
Shall lie, full low, among the dead;
Disease will find its prey alone,
No one will listen to my moan,
I must, on the cold couch of death,
Unheeded yield my parting breath*.

D. R.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION IN A DIFFERENT METRE.

My day is declining with diligent speed,
The night fast approaches, when low I shall lie;
And, ah, I have no one my sick bed to heed,
To weep for my suffering, or catch my last sigh.

* * *

* It is said, that, when he died, there was no person in the house.
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